

BLUE RIBBON



COMICS

MYSTERY



No. 14 TWO BIG LEAD STORIES!!

JULY
10¢



EXTRA! A NEW
SMASH FEATURE!
INFERNO
THE FLAME BREATHER

S. COOPER



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Here's what you get in NO. 3

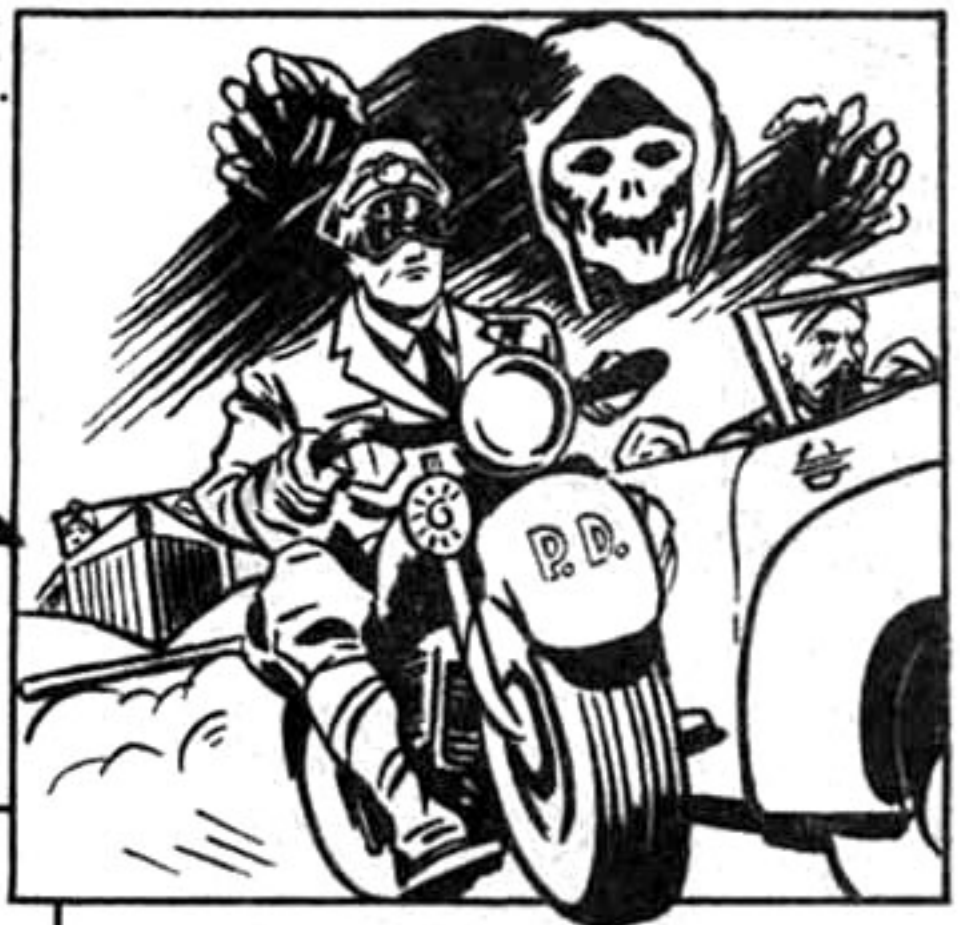
SHIELD - WIZARD

comics



WHY DID JU JU WATSON FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... AND HOW COULD THE SHIELD SAVE HIM WITHOUT FIRST BREAKING THE LAW HE HAD SWORN TO UPHOLD?....

THE MAHARAJAH MURDERS



WAS THIS A PRE-HISTORIC BEAST THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL HOLLYWOOD OR WAS IT MURDER, HUMANLY AND FIENDISHLY DESIGNED; THAT ONLY THE WIZARD COULD FRUSTRATE!

MYSTERY OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN



WAS THIS A GHOST SHIP THAT CAME OUT OF THE MIST TO PLUNGE JOE, DUSTY JUJU, AND BETTY WARREN INTO THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURE OF THEIR CAREERS?..

DEATH BELOW



TERROR STRUCK AT ALL THOSE WHO TRIED TO WORK IN THE VITAL MANGANESE MINES, BUT THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WERE STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH!....



THE MONSTER OF MADNESS



WEIRD HORROR STRUCK AT ALL VISITORS TO THE CITY, UNTIL THE WIZARD AND ROY, THE SUPER-BOY DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE!..

THE CORPSES THAT WOULDN'T STAY HOME

ALL THESE STORIES, AND MORE, APPEAR IN THE SPRING ISSUE, NO. 3, OF SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS, ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS.

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

MR. JUSTICE



by
S. GOODER
and JOE BERRY



ALL EUROPE ECHOES WITH THE RUMBLING THUNDER OF THE MARCHING ARMIES OF THE DICTATOR... BUT ONLY MR. JUSTICE KNOWS THAT THE DICTATOR IS, IN REALITY, THE EPITOME OF ALL THINGS EVIL!... AND HE HAS RESOLVED TO DEFEAT THE MONSTROUS THING BY FIRST DESTROYING THE MILITARY JUGGERNAUT WHICH SUPPORTS HIM AND HIS REIGN OF BLOOD AND TERROR!



ONE NIGHT ON A DESERTED STREET IN AN OCCUPIED COUNTRY, A SECRET POLICEMAN ACCOSTS AN AGED CITIZEN..



THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE SWOOPS DOWN UPON THE SCENE..



AS MR. JUSTICE STRIKES THE EARTH, HIS BODY CHANGES FROM SPIRIT TO HUMAN FORM !



LATE THAT NIGHT, MR. JUSTICE SITS IN A COFFEE SHOP DOWN THE STREET, RE-PLANNING HIS STRATEGY FOR DESTROYING THE DICTATOR!



WHILE IN THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S HOME, SECRET POLICE-MEN BREAK IN, TO PLACE HANS MULLER, THE FIANCÉ OF THE OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER, UNDER ARREST!



WHY AM I UNDER ARREST?

YOU WERE SEEN AND HEARD DIVULGING SECRETS OF OUR COUNTRY!



NOW, WE SHALL KILL THE OLD MAN, WHO WAS ALSO IN THE CONSPIRACY!



BUT FATHER SCHMIDT HAS LEFT THE HOUSE BY THE REAR DOOR, AND HE HURRIES DOWN THE STREET TO THE COFFEE SHOP!



MR. JUSTICE, MR. JUSTICE!

I MUST HAVE A WORD WITH YOU AT ONCE!



SO THEY TOOK HANS AWAY TO BE SHOT, WELL, DON'T WORRY! I'LL SAVE HIM! NOW, HERE'S ENOUGH MONEY FOR YOU TO STAY UNDER COVER UNTIL I COME BACK FOR YOU!

GOD BLESS YOU SIR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE ROYAL WRAITH RACES HIGH ABOVE THE CITY ON HIS ERRAND OF LIFE AND DEATH!



HANS MULLER, MEANWHILE, IS BEING DRAGGED TOWARD THE EXECUTION QUARTERS OF A NEARBY CONCENTRATION CAMP!



WE ARE ACCORDING YOU EXCEPTIONAL HONORS IN ALLOWING YOU TO BE SHOT HONORABLY! I HOPE YOU APPRECIATE THE COURTESY!



YOU WISH TO BE BLIND-FOLDED?

NO!



READY... AIM....



THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE DESCENDS ON THE SCENE!



IN THE SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE RIFLES CRACK, MR. JUSTICE PILES INTO THE FIRING SQUAD!



FIRE!



PUT THAT SQUIRT GUN AWAY!
IT MIGHT BE LOADED!



PRETTY CLOSE
SHAVE, EH,
HANS?

MR. JUSTICE!
I THANK YOU FOR
SAVING MY
LIFE, BUT....



NO TIME FOR THANKS
NOW, HANS!

WH..WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING
ME?



TO AN INN
ACROSS THE
BORDER...
WHERE
YOU'LL
BE SAFE!



HERE WE ARE! STAY
HERE UNTIL I
RETURN!
CHRISTINE
....MY SWEET-
HEART! THEY'LL
KILL HER!..AND
HER FATHER, MR.
SCHMIDT...WHAT
HAVE THEY DONE
WITH HIM?



MR. SCHMIDT IS SAFE FOR
THE TIME BEING...AND DON'T
WORRY ABOUT CHRISTINE!
I'M GOING TO GET HER OUT
OF THAT CONCENTRATION
CAMP BEFORE THEY CAN
HARM HER!

GOD SPEED
TO YOU, MR.
JUSTICE!



ONCE AGAIN, THE ROYAL
WRAITH STREAKS OFF ON
HIS MISSION OF MERCY!





RECEIVING THE NEWS OF MULLER'S ESCAPE, THE DICTATOR SUMMONS THE HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE!

SO HERE YOU ARE! IT'S ABOUT TIME!



A MAN NAMED "JUSTICE" HAS RELEASED HANS MULLER! I WANT YOU TO KILL HIS FIANCEE, CHRISTINE SCHMIDT!

THAT'S EASY! I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE! SHE IS IN A CAMP ONLY TWO MILES FROM HERE!



IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS YOU THINK! MR. JUSTICE IS NO ORDINARY MORTAL! HE CAN ASSUME A SPIRIT FORM! HOWEVER... I HAVE HERE A FLASK..IT CONTAINS AN ANCIENT LIQUID!

WHAT DOES IT DO?



SPRINKLE IT ON THE GROUND IN A SEMI-CIRCLE AND SET IT AFIRE! NO SPIRIT FORM CAN COME THROUGH THAT FIERY CIRCLE!



THE HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE LEAVES THE DICTATOR...



HEIL THE DICTATOR!

HEIL! BRING CHRISTINE SCHMIDT TO ME!

HEIL THE DICTATOR!



YOU ARE TO DIE, CHRISTINE SCHMIDT, FOR WHAT YOUR FATHER AND SWEETHEART HAVE DONE!



BUT IN THE SKY... THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE!

A GHOST!

LOOK!

AS THE GUARDS FIRE, THE HEAD OF THE SECRET POLICE SPRINKLES THE LIQUID FROM THE VIAL IN A CIRCLE... THEN, SETS IT AFLAME!



SO! WHAT HARM CAN YOU DO ME, MR. JUSTICE? YOU CAN'T ENTER THIS FIERY CIRCLE!



AND I SHALL KILL CHRISTINE SCHMIDT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOSS IS SMARTER THAN I THOUGHT!



MR. JUSTICE WHIRLS AND SEIZES THE THREE PERSONAL BODY GUARDS OF THE POLICE CHIEF TRANSMITTING AN UNEARTHLY LOOK INTO THEIR EYES!



MR. JUSTICE, USING HIS HYPNOTIC, ETHEREAL RAY IS ABLE TO CONJURE UP VISIONS OF THE 'THREE PEOPLE' THE SECRET POLICE-MEN LOVE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH!



THE NEXT INSTANT, HE IS GONE!



IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE MR. JUSTICE COMPLETES HIS JOURNEY TO THREE DIFFERENT CONCENTRATION CAMPS!



JUST AS THE THREE BODY-GUARDS REGAIN THEIR SENSES MR. JUSTICE RETURNS..



MR. JUSTICE! MR. JUSTICE! SAVE ME!



AS THE BAYONETS OF HIS OWN SECRET POLICEMEN THRUST CLOSER TO HIS BODY, THE POLICE CHIEF PLEADS IN VAIN...FOR HIS LIFE!







ACROSS THE BORDER WHERE HANS MULLER AWAITS HIS RETURN!



HELLO, HANS!



MR. JUSTICE! WHERE IS CHRISTINE AND HER FATHER?... I KNOW THEY KILLED THEM! YOU DIDN'T GET THERE IN TIME!

DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS, HANS!



CHEER UP OLD BOY! I WAS BACK AT THE INN A WHILE AGO, AND BROUGHT SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS WITH ME! SORRY I DIDN'T HAVE TIME THEN, TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT, BUT NOW LOOK... UP ON THE PORCH OF THE INN!



HANS! HANS!



CHRISTINE! AND...AND MY FELLOW POLICEMEN! YOU'RE ALL SAFE WITH YOUR FAMILIES!



YOU HAVE GIVEN US ALL A CHANCE TO BE FREE MEN AGAIN...AND WE SHALL USE OUR NEW FREEDOM TO RETURN TO OUR COUNTRY TO FIGHT FOR THE LIBERTY OF OTHERS WHO ARE ENSLAVED BY THE DICTATOR AND HIS LIEUTENANTS! GOOD

BOY, HANS! AND I SHALL BE FIGHTING WITH YOU FOR THE SAME ULTIMATE VICTORY!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE DICTATOR HAS SUMMONED HIS THREE REMAINING LIEUTENANTS TO HIS HEADQUARTERS TO PREPARE THEM AGAINST THE RETURN OF MR. JUSTICE!



BUT MR. JUSTICE IS ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE CAPITOL TO CONTINUE HIS BATTLE AGAINST THE DICTATOR AND HIS EMPIRE OF EVIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!

RANG-A-TANG

with THE WONDER DOG
RICHY, the AMAZING BOY

AS RANG, RICHY AND HY STROLL AROUND THE CIRCUS GROUNDS, ON THEIR LAST DAY WITH THE BIG SHOW BEFORE THEIR RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD....A FIGURE, KNIFE IN HAND, CREEPS INTO THE TICKET WAGON AND...

by ED SMALLE JR.
AND JOE BLAIR

NOT FAR AWAY, THE
CRIME-BUSTING TRIO
HEAR THE SCREAM!

RICHY! THAT SCREAM!
WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

SOUNDED LIKE IT
CAME FROM
TH' TICKET
WAGON!

HELP!

IN WE GO,
BOYS!

I'M RIGHT WITH
YOU, HY!





THE CIRCUS OWNER MR NORTH,
MAKES HIS APPEARANCE...

WHAT'S HAPPENED,
HY?

TAKE A
LOOK FOR
YOURSELF,
JIM!



GOOD LORD!..
HANSEN! WHO
COULD HAVE
DONE THIS
THING?



YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS
MINE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE
THE MOTIVE WAS ROB-
BERY.. ANY MONEY
MISSING?



I'LL SAY! \$20,000!
IT WAS TO BE PAID
TOMORROW ON THE
MORTGAGE. IF
IT ISN'T
RECOVERED,
I LOSE THE
SHOW!



THE WONDER DOG SNARLS AND
SWINGS AROUND TOWARDS THE
DOOR OF THE WAGON!

WHAT'S
UP, RANG?



HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THAT DOG?..IS HE
ALWAYS VICIOUS? KEEP
HIM AWAY FROM ME! I
ONLY CAME IN TO SEE
WHAT'S GOING ON!



MR. SPEED, THIS IS BILL KING,
MY ADVANCE AGENT. HE'S BEEN
KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME
MONEY FROM TIME TO TIME, BUT
WITH THAT \$20,000
MISSING, I'M AFRAID
HE CAN'T HELP ME
THIS TIME!



A MOMENT LATER, AS HY GOES
BACK TO A DISCUSSION OF THE
CASE, KING TAKES A KICK AT
RANG...

THIS'LL ACCOM-
PLISH MY
PURPOSE!



RANG LEAPS FOR KING...KNOCKING HIM DOWN!

WOW! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH RANG?

HELP! THIS MUTT IS ATTACKING ME!



AS YOU WERE, RANG!

GET HIM OFF!



EASY, OLD BOY! I KNOW THERE WAS SOME REASON WHY YOU LEAPED AT HIM... BUT WE CAN'T LET ON... UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHY!



I'VE GOT RANG, HY!

HOLD ON TO HIM, RICHY! I GUESS HE'S JUST FEELING ORNERY TODAY!

OH, YEAH?



PLEASE ACCEPT MY REGRETS AND APOLOGIES, MR. KING! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT HAPPENED?

THAT'S OKAY, SPEED! ONLY I HOPE IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TOO OFTEN!



IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, AT ANY RATE! ANY FRIEND OF JIM NORTH'S RATES WELL WITH ME!

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, SPEED!



THE GROUP LEAVES THE TICKET WAGON

I'M GOING TO LOCK THIS DOOR UNTIL I CALL THE POLICE! BUT WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THE SHOW IS OVER SO WE WON'T CAUSE ANY DISTURBANCE!



RICHY! YOU TAKE RANG, AND WANDER OFF SOMEWHERE! I WANT HANSEN'S KILLER TO THINK HE'S SAFE IN COMING BACK TO THE TICKET WAGON.. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS TO DO!



WHEN THE MEN SEPARATE KING SNEAKS INTO THE MENAGERIE TENT AND APPROACHES THE PYTHON'S CAGE....



HA! HUNGRY ARE YOU?...WELL YOU'LL EAT...YOU'LL EAT! JUST BE PATIENT!



HELLO MR KING! TIME FOR THE PYTHON'S DINNER AGAIN!

OH YES! YOU LEAVE THE MEAT HERE, LENNIE! I'LL FEED HIM... LIKE I'VE BEEN DOING!



JUST DROP THE PIG HERE ANYWHERE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

OKAY, ANYTHING YOU SAY!



SURE IS A FUNNY GUY! I CAN'T FIGURE HIM OUT! ALWAYS HANGING AROUND THE PYTHON CAGE AT FEEDIN' TIME!...OH, WELL, IT'S NO SKIN OFF MY NOSE! IF HE WANTS TO FEED HIM, LET HIM...THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY!



HA, HA! FEED THE PYTHON! SURE I'LL FEED HIM!



BUT NOT WITH *THIS* MEAT! I'LL JUST DRAG THIS PORKER OVER TO THE EDGE OF THE LOT AND BURY IT...LIKE I'VE BEEN DOING FOR A WEEK!



WHEN I TURN THAT PYTHON LOOSE, I WANT HIM TO BE HUNGRY ENOUGH TO GO AFTER THE FIRST LIVING THING HE SEES!... AND THAT'S GONNA BE THE ACE DETECTIVE MR. HY SPEED!



RANG AND RICHY, MEANTIME, ARE CARRYING ON THEIR PART OF HYS PLAN, AS THEY ROAM AROUND THE GROUNDS....

LET'S WANDER INTO THE ANIMAL TENT, RANG! ANY OBJECTIONS?



BOY! THAT PYTHON SURE IS A VICIOUS LOOKING THING! I'D HATE TO BE CAUGHT IN A DARK ALLEY WITH HIM!



RANG PICKS UP KING'S SCENT!

HEY RANG! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



THE WONDER DOG LOPEs OUT OF THE MENAGERIE....



RANG'S PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING! I WONDER WHAT TH' HECK HE'S UP TO NOW?



RANG-A-TANG HEADS STRAIGHT FOR KING!

SO, IT'S YOU AGAIN, HUH? WELL, I'M READY FOR YOU THIS TIME!

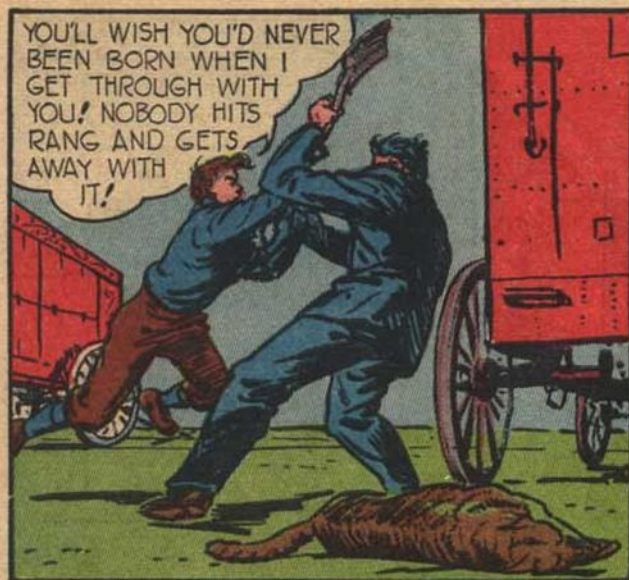


AS RANG LEAPS, KING SWINGS THE SHOVEL ABOVE HIS HEAD...



...AND CLOUTS THE WONDER DOG WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!





YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU! NOBODY HITS RANG AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!



BATTLING DESPERATELY WITH KING, RICHY STUMBLES OVER A ROCK AND STARTS TO FALL!



BONG!



I DIDN'T FIGURE ON HAVING THIS FIGHT, BUT IT DOESN'T HURT MY PLANS ANY!



IN FACT, HAVING THE DOG COME AFTER ME, SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF GOING AFTER HIM! WHEN I KICKED HIM WHILE IN THE TICKET WAGON, I DID IT FOR A GOOD REASON!



I KNEW HE'D JUMP ON ME, SO WHILE I TUSSELED WITH HIM, I MANAGED TO PUT THE KEY TO THE SAFE ON HIS COLLAR WITH CHEWING GUM!



THE DETECTIVE WAS TOO DUMB TO FIGURE THAT OUT! IN FACT HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT THE \$20000 IS IN THE SAFE! I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET IT WHEN I KILLED HANSEN, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT LITTLE DETAIL NOW!



KING RETURNS TO THE MENAGERIE TENT. NOW, MY HUNGRY FRIEND YOU ARE ABOUT TO GET YOUR JUST DESSERTS! OR SHOULD I SAY... YOUR MAIN COURSE? HA, HA!

KING HAULS THE PYTHON CAGE SILENTLY ACROSS THE LOT, AND EDGES IT UP TO THE TICKET WAGON!

IF THAT STUPID FLAT-FOOT, HY SPEED, THINKS I DON'T KNOW HE'S IN THE TICKET WAGON, HE'S CRAZY! WE'LL SOON GET RID OF HIM, WON'T WE, MISTER PYTHON?



KING CLIMBS ON TOP OF THE REPTILE WAGON AND LIFTS UP THE CAGE DOOR...



INSIDE THE TICKET WAGON.

SOMEONE'S FOOLING AROUND THE DOOR OUTSIDE! I GUESS THIS IS THE MURDERER I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!



HY APPROACHES THE DOOR CAUTIOUSLY.....



...AND YANKS IT OPEN!

HOLY SMOKE!



TAKEN ABACK HY RETREATS HASTILY...BUT AS HE STUMBLES OVER THE WASTEPAPER BASKET, HIS GUN FALLS FROM HIS HAND!



THE FLESH-HUNGRY PYTHON SLITHERS ACROSS THE FLOOR TOWARDS HY, WHO INCHES SLOWLY BACKWARDS....

THIS IS THE MOST HOPELESS SPOT I'VE EVER BEEN ON, IN MY WHOLE LIFE!



RANG-A-TANG, REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, SENSES HIS MASTER'S DANGER!



THE WONDER DOG WORKS RAPIDLY OVER THE POSTRATE FORM OF THE AMAZING BOY...



NOW I REMEMBER! KING KNOCKED US BOTH OUT! HE'S PROBABLY AFTER HY RIGHT NOW! LET'S GO, RANG!

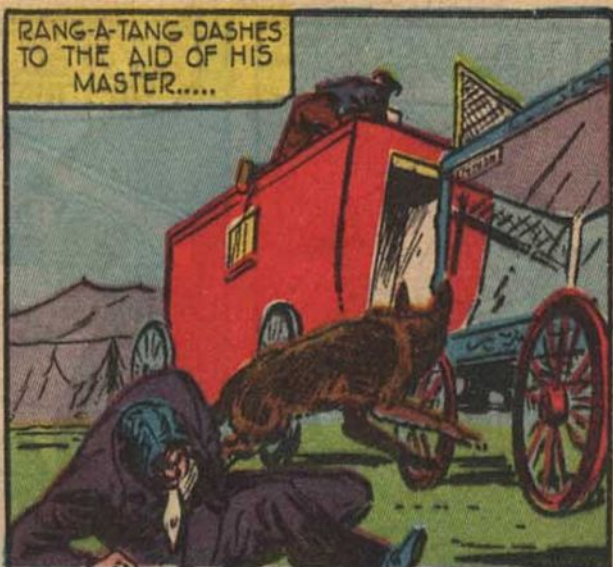


SO THE KID AND THE DOG ARE BACK AGAIN, HUH? WELL, I DIDN'T WANT ANY GUN-PLAY, BUT I THINK THEY'RE ASKING FOR IT!



WITHOUT SLACKENING HIS SPEED, THE WONDER-DOG SPRINGS THROUGH SPACE WITH A MIGHTY LEAP!









I DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING AROUND HERE THE LAST HOUR!

YOU WILL!



WE WERE RIGHT IN ASSUMING THAT HANSEN WAS KILLED BECAUSE SOMEONE KNEW YOU HAD \$20000 IN CASH IN THE WAGON! THE UNUSUAL ANGLE TO THIS CASE IS THAT THE MONEY WASN'T TAKEN OUT OF HERE! KING HAS THE KEY TO THE SAFE... TAKE IT FROM HIM AND

LOOK IN THE SAFE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, HY! THE MONEY IS ALL HERE! WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA OF KILLING HANSEN?



FOR THE MONEY! HE INTENDED TO RETURN AND TAKE IT LATER! HE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO PAY YOUR MORTGAGE TOMORROW BECAUSE HE WOULD HAVE OWNED THE SHOW IF YOU LOST IT!



WELL RICHY, CIRCUS LIFE IS PRETTY EXCITING, ISN'T IT?

I'LL SAY! HOLLYWOOD WILL HAVE TO GO SOME TO PROVIDE AS MANY THRILLS AS WE'VE HAD WITH THE BIG SHOW!

RICHY, RANG AND HY RETURN TO HOLLYWOOD IN NEXT MONTH'S *BLUE RIBBON COMICS*...AND THE CRIME-BUSTING TRIO FIND THE FABULOUS CINEMA COLONY IN THE GRIP OF A HORRIBLE, SINISTER TERROR THAT ALMOST BRINGS THEIR OWN CAREERS TO A CLOSE! DON'T MISS THE "CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD HORROR," IN NEXT MONTH'S *BLUE RIBBON COMICS*!



HAVE YOU JOINED THE SHIELD G-MAN CLUB, YET?
it's **FREE!**

THE **SHIELD** AND **DUSTY,** THE BOY DETECTIVE, SMASH THROUGH INTO A TOUCHING HUMAN STORY OF A BOY WHOSE LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER OVERCOMES A GRIP OF STEEL THAT HAD BEEN FORGED INTO HIS SOUL BY A RUTHLESS CRIME-KING OF THE UNDERWORLD IN THE JULY ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS**

the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the Honor Legion.

1st Way—In keeping with your Rang-a-Tang oath of membership, write us a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed involving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

A—All letters must be certified by parent or guardian.

B—All those who become charter members will have their names published in the pages of *My Ribbons Comics*.

C—Outstanding letters will be published on the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion page.

2nd Way—Enlist two of your friends as members of the Rang-a-Tang Club. Here's how to do it:

A—Just have them apply for membership to the club in the same way as you did.

B—Then drop me a post card giving me their names and addresses.

C—Be sure and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a charter member of the Honor Legion.

Charter members of the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion will receive a beautifully engraved Honor Legion diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine; the author, Joe Blair; the artist, Ed Smalle, Jr., and myself.

Just remember this: It is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Go to it!

HY SPEED

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Charles Bennett P. O. Box 230 Jonesville, La.	Dick De Kneef 607 Washington Oak Park, Ill.	Kenneth Hogan 7 McCauley Ave. Birkland Lake, Ont.
Melvin Saunders 19 N. Leonard St. Waterbury, Conn.	Michael Campanella 1414 Second Ave. New York City	Harold Schweder 13-50 River Rd. Fairlawn, N. J.
Joe Boyd Jonesville, La.	John Bakewell 56 N. Cleveland Minster, Ohio	J. McKenna 389 E. 65th St. New York City
Jerry Humphries Abraham, Utah		

Everyone loves a dog. That is because down deep inside everyone is kind and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "Man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the Rang-a-Tang Club and to become a prospect for charter membership in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion.

The purpose of the Rang-a-Tang Club is to have fellowship among doglovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The Rang-a-Tang Club's veterinarian, Dr. Alexander Slawson will furnish to members of the club **absolutely free by mail only**, information about the care and training of dogs.

HOW TO JOIN THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

Fill in the coupon which contains the Rang-a-Tang Oath and mail it to Hy Speed together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the Rang-a-Tang Club will receive an embossed membership card and a Rang-a-Tang button as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's booklet "Highlights on the Health of Your Dog and Cat" and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the Rang-a-Tang Honor Legion. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only the professional advice of Dr. Alexander Slawson, veterinarian, absolutely free.

THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Dear Hy Speed,

One rainy afternoon as I was looking out of the window I saw a little lame dog who had no home at all. I took pity on the young creature. I picked him up gently and took him home. I told my parents all about it and they told me I must take good care of him.

Every morning I always feed him and dress his legs. In a month the little pet was well and strong again and can walk like any other dog. He became one of my greatest friends.

Silvestre Hocson

QUESTIONNAIRE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 BREED OF DOG..... SEX OF DOG.....
 APPROXIMATE WEIGHT..... CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR).....
 EYES..... NOSE..... BOWEL FUNCTIONS.....
 OTHER REMARKS.....

HY SPEED
 % BLUE RIBBON COMICS
 160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SPEED:

PLEASE ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I ENCLOSE 10¢ IN COIN TO COVER COST OF HANDLING. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT I AM TO RECEIVE MY MEMBERSHIP CARD AND A RANG-A-TANG BUTTON.

NAME (PRINT CLEARLY)..... ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE..... AGE.....

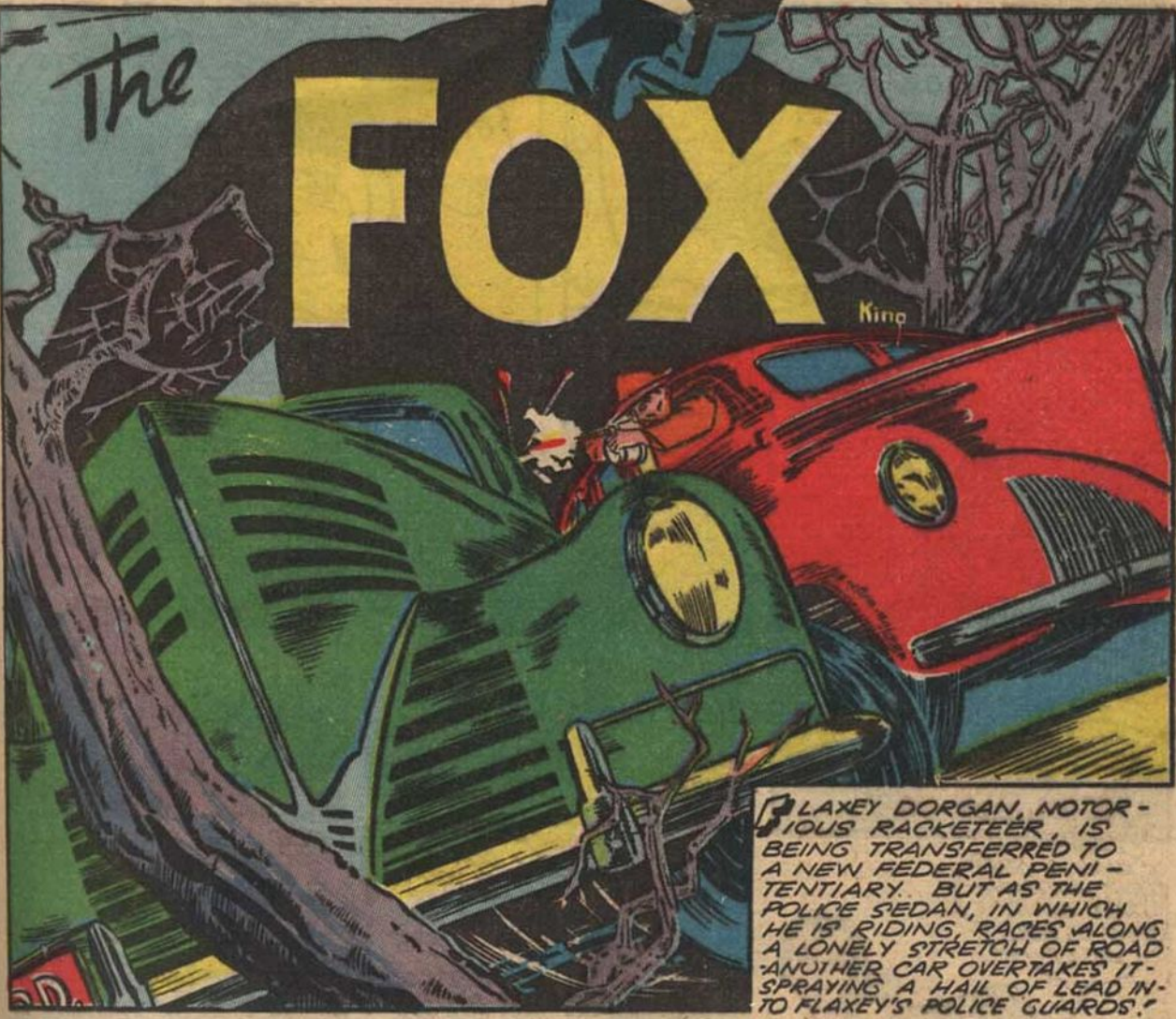
OATH ON MY HONOR, I PLEDGE MYSELF TO DEAL KINDLY WITH ALL ANIMALS, BE THEY IN DISTRESS OR OTHERWISE, TO DO A GOOD DEED WHENEVER I CAN, IN ALL PLACES, AT ALL TIMES. I WILL KEEP THIS PLEDGE CONSTANTLY IN MY HEART AND IN MY MIND.
 I DO SO SOLEMNLY SWEAR—

SIGN NAME.....

The

FOX

King



FLAXEY DORGAN, NOTORIOUS RACKETEER, IS BEING TRANSFERRED TO A NEW FEDERAL PENITENTIARY. BUT AS THE POLICE SEDAN, IN WHICH HE IS RIDING, RACES ALONG A LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD ANOTHER CAR OVERTAKES IT—SPRAYING A HAIL OF LEAD INTO FLAXEY'S POLICE GUARDS!

AS THE POLICE CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE, THREE FIGURES LEAP OUT OF THE OTHER CAR.



I HOPE WE DIDN'T PLUG FLAXEY!



HERE I AM, BOYS! I DUCKED WHEN I SAW YOU COMIN'! BUT THE FLATFEET ARE DEAD—ER—N DOOR—NAILS!

AFTER RELEASING FLAXEY FROM THE HANDCUFFS, THE GUNMEN PUT HIM INTO THEIR CAR AND SPEED AWAY.



A SHORT TIME LATER PAUL PATTON, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, AND RUTH RANSOM, GIRL REPORTER, ARE IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY GLOBE, WHEN...



THIS IS THE CITY EDITOR! WHAT?? FLAXEY DORGAN ESCAPED! THE COPS WERE FOUND DEAD IN THEIR CAR OFF THE BOSTON POST ROAD! WOW!



LET'S GET GOING! GET YOUR CAMERA PAUL!

I'VE GOT IT! BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' CHIEF?

I'M GOIN' ALONG TO BE SURE YOU DON'T TAKE PICTURES OF THE WRONG CAR-

OH, OH! WHAT'S THIS! I STEPPED ON! LOOKS LIKE A GOLD COIN OR SOMETHING!



WHAT A CRACK-UP! I DON'T KNOW HOW FLAXEY GOT OUT ALIVE!

THE TRIO ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



PAUL TAKES "SHOTS" FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT ANGLES, WHEN...

I THINK I GOT ENOUGH OF THIS! I'LL TAKE A CLOSE-UP OF THE COPS NOW!



HM! A CUFF LINK WITH INITIALS ON IT! "E. G." ... WELL, WELL!



HEY CHIEF-I GOT SOMETHING!

I DON'T CARE IF YOU'VE GOT MEASLES AS LONG AS YOU GOT YOUR PICTURES! NOW GET BACK AND DEVELOP 'EM FOR THE FIRST EDITION!



THAT CUFF-LINK PAUL PICKED UP WAS INITIALED "E. G."! THAT MIGHT BE "EARS" GREEN! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW UP THAT TIP, TONIGHT!

"E. G." ON THAT CUFF-LINK! HM! MIGHT BELONG TO "EARS" GREEN! ANYHOW, THE FOX IS GOING TO CHECK ON THAT POSSIBILITY TONIGHT!

THAT NIGHT-



PAUL PATTON BECOMES

THE FOX!

RUTH ARRIVES AT THE CLUB AND PARKS HER CAR!...



WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING! I HOPE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

MEANWHILE, IN THE REAR OFFICE OF THE "GREEN ROOM" - THE SWANKY NIGHT CLUB WHICH IS OPERATED BY "EARS" GREEN!...



SO WE SPRING FLAXEY SO WHAT'S IN IT FOR US? YOU GOT SOME KIND OF A PLAN, AIN'T YOU, EARS?

SURE! YOU'LL HEAR ABOUT IT WHEN I'M READY TO TELL YOU! GET IT?



THERE'S "EARS" BUT I CAN'T SEE - YES, I CAN! HIS CUFF! IT DOESN'T HAVE A CUFF-LINK IN IT! I AM ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



SH! QUIET, BOYS! SOMEBODY'S OUT HERE!

BUT ONE OF THE THUGS INSIDE THE OFFICE HAS HEARD RUTH AT THE DOOR!



WANNA COME IN WHERE YOU CAN GET A BETTER VIEW, BABE?

OOOH!

THE FOX ARRIVES AT THE CLUB, TOO - BUT MAKES HIS ENTRANCE THE HARD WAY!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL SPILL IT! WHAT WERE YOU DOIN' OUT 'SIDE?

LET'S GET RID OF HER!



WELL, I'LL BE RUTH!! LOOKS LIKE SHE GOT A VIEW OF THAT CUFF-LINK, TOO! WHAT A GAL!

THINK I'LL JUST TAKE A "PIC" OF THIS FOR FUTURE REFERENCE!



WHAT WAS THAT FLASH OF LIGHT OUT THERE?

IT WASN'T NOthin'! FORGET IT!

YEAH! LET'S GET THE GIRL OUT OF HERE!



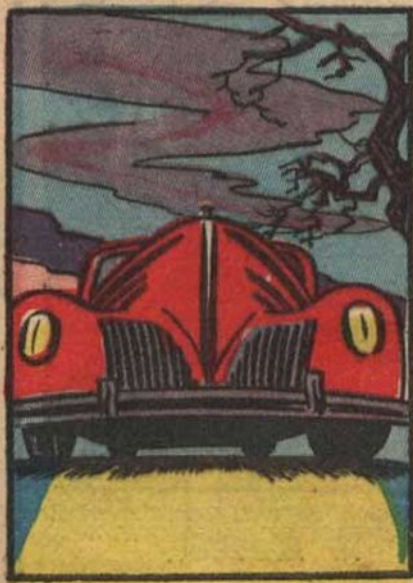
TWO OF THE GUNMEN DRAG RUTH OUT THE BACK DOOR...



GET IN THE CAR, SISTER! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU TO THE HIDEOUT! MAYBE FLAXEY CAN TELL US WHO YOU ARE! GO ON!... GET IN THERE!!



THE AUTOMOBILE ROARS OFF... THROUGH THE CITY... THE SUBURBS... AND INTO THE COUNTRY!



WITH THE FOX CLINGING TO THE REAR OF THE VEHICLE.





SWINGING OFF THE HIGHWAY, THE CAR FOLLOWS A MUDDY ROAD TO A SECLUDED HIDE-OUT!



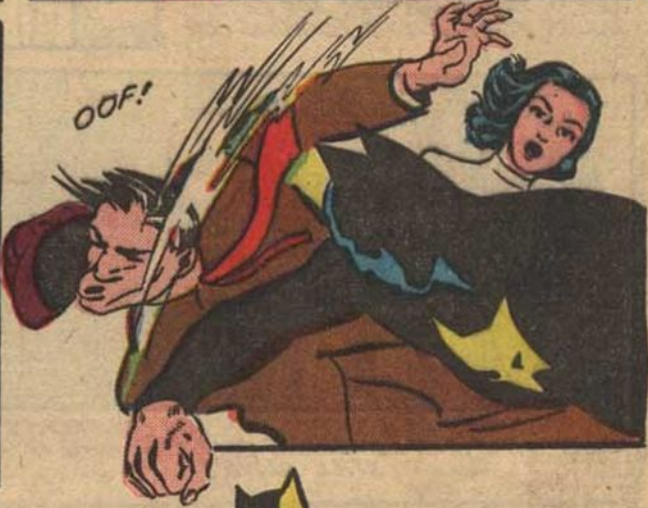
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHETHER YOU KNOW FLAXEY OR NOT! AND WHO YOU ARE!



THE FOX SLIPS UP BEHIND RUTH AND HER ASSAILANT!

AIN'T NO USE KICKIN'!

LET ME GO! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



OOF!



I DON'T USUALLY GO AROUND PUSHING LADIES INTO DITCHES, BUT THIS IS NECESSARY!



TWEET

THE FOX GIVES A SHARP WHISTLE WITH HIS FINGERS - AND PICKS UP THE GUN THE GANGSTER DROPPED.



OKAY, BOYS!!! SURROUND THE PLACE! TAKE FLAXEY DEAD OR ALIVE!



INSIDE THE HOUSE, FLAXEY HEARS THE WHISTLE, THE GUNFIRE, AND THE SHOUTS OF THE FOX!

THE COPS! THEY'VE GOT ME SURROUNDED! I'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IT OUT!



OUTLINED CLEARLY AGAINST THE MOON, THE GANGSTERS ARE EASY MARKS FOR FLAXEY'S FLAMING GUN

THE FOX ENTERS THE HOUSE THRU A REAR DOOR.



DROP THE GUN, FLAXEY! THE JIGS UP!



USING FLAXEY AS A SHIELD, THE FOX CONFRONTS "BARS" - THE ONLY REMAINING GANGSTER WHO IS STILL ALIVE!



GET IN THE CAR, BARS! YOU KEEP THE GUN ON 'EM, RUTH! WE'LL ESCORT 'EM TO TOWN WHERE YOU CAN TURN 'EM OVER TO THE POLICE!



HERE'S THE EVIDENCE, MISS RANSOM! HAVE YOUR HANDSOME BOY FRIEND, PATTON, DEVELOP IT FOR YOU!

LATER, RUTH ARRIVES AT THE DAILY GLOBE!



HERE, GLAMOUR BOY! THE FOX CLEANED UP ON THE FLAXEY DORGAN CASE WHILE YOU WERE STILL THINKING ABOUT IT!

AGAIN?



HAW! HAW!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MISTER WISE GUY?



GIVE ME THAT PICTURE!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! THIS IS THE PIC I'M HOLDING FOR A FUTURE "PAGE ONE" - IN CASE YOU DON'T BEHAVE YOURSELF!

THE END

Penny

PARKER

ZOCK

Ooo!

AT AN EXCLUSIVE COUNTRY CLUB IN WESTCHESTER, A GOLFER IS TRYING TO GET HIS BALL OUT OF THE ROUGH, WHEN SUDDENLY...

PERFECT SHOT!
NOW TO GET
THOSE IOU'S
OUT OF
HIS
POCKET!

HERE THEY ARE...
WELL, MR. MERRIVALE,
YOU'LL
NEVER HOLD
THESE OVER
ME AGAIN!

NOW TO HOLLER FOR HELP!
NOBODY'LL EVER KNOW
THIS WASN'T AN ACCIDENT!

HELP!
HELP!

GOLFERS FROM ALL OVER THE
COURSE COME A-RUNNING...

EASY, CHESTER,
OLD BOY!
IT WAS
AN UNFOR-
TUNATE
ACCIDENT.
YOU COULDN'T
HELP IT!

I REALLY CAN'T
GET IT OFF MY
MIND! I YELLED
FORE BUT IT
WAS TOO LATE!
I SAW MERRIVALE
LYING
THERE!



WHASSA MATTER, PENNY?

OH THIS IS TERRIBLE, PUG! DICK MERRIVALE WAS KILLED BY A GOLF BALL! HIS WIFE, JANET, IS A FRIEND OF MINE!



COME IN! WHY, IT'S JANET MERRIVALE!

OH, PENNY DEAR! I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU BECOMING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE!



...AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN COME TO FOR ADVICE!

I'LL TRY TO HELP YOU ALL I CAN, OF COURSE! WHAT IS IT, JANET?



SOMEHOW I FEEL THAT THERE'S MORE TO DICK'S DEATH THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT DICK DIDN'T HAVE A CENT LEFT IN THE WORLD!



I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR THE MONEY, BUT I KNOW DICK'S BUSINESS WAS DOING WELL, AND....

HMM!... SUPPOSING WE GO RIGHT DOWN TO YOUR BANK, JANET!



YOUR BANKER IS SURE TO KNOW SOMETHING OF YOUR HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS!

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, PENNY!



THE BANK IS NOT SUPPOSED TO GIVE OUT INFORMATION ABOUT ITS CLIENTS, MISS PARKER..UNLESS IT'S TO THE POLICE!

I KNOW THAT, BUT SURELY YOU CAN TELL IT TO THE LATE MR. MERRIVALE'S OWN WIFE!



WELL, I SUPPOSE I CAN!...LET ME SEE...MY RECORDS SHOW THAT MR. MERRIVALE MADE OUT QUITE A FEW CHECKS OF CONSIDERABLE AMOUNTS TO MR. FRANK CHESTER FROM HIS PERSONAL ACCOUNTS!

OH, YES! FRANK WAS DICK'S BEST FRIEND!



BEST FRIEND, EH? IF THOSE CHECKS WERE FROM MERRIVALE'S PERSONAL ACCOUNT, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN LOANS! FUNNY, THAT MR. CHESTER DIDN'T MENTION THEM TO JANET AFTER THE ACCIDENT!

ALL RIGHT, JANET! THANK YOU, PENNY YOU GO ON HOME! I'LL LOOK INTO THIS!



...PERHAPS MY SUSPICIONS ARE FOOLISH!

GUESS THE DAME'S RIGHT, PENNY! NO REASON TO THINK IT WUZN'T AN ACCIDENT!



NO, PUG! THERE'S PLENTY OF REASON ... WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE MR. CHESTER'S ROOM... WHEN HE'S NOT AT HOME!

THAT NIGHT....



ALL RIGHT, PUG! GET YOUR GUN OUT!.. THIS IS THE FLOOR!

I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YER LOOKIN' FER, PENNY!



BUT I DO... AND I'VE GOT IT!

JUST THEN, CHESTER RETURNS TO GET SOMETHING HE FORGOT.



SNOOPERS!

PROWLERS, EH? YOU'RE IN MY APARTMENT, AND FOR ALL I KNOW, YOU'RE BURGLARS... SO IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU!



HE... HE'S GONNA SHOOT US, PENNY!

NO HE'S NOT PUG! GET HIM QUICK!



OOOPH!



CLUNK

UKK!

NICE PITCHING, PUG! LETS GET OUT OF HERE!





NEXT MORNING...

WHERE TO NOW, PENNY?

TO THE GOLF COURSE OVER THERE, PUG! I WANT TO TALK TO THE PRO AND ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS CONCERNING MR. FRANK CHESTER!



OH, THERE'S THE PRO ON THE SECOND TEE... COME ON, LET'S LEAVE THE CAR HERE!



WHY YES! MR. CHESTER'S QUITE AN EXPERT GOLFER! BETTER THAN I AM, IN FACT!

THAT CLINCHES IT! THEN IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE OF MURDER!



JUST THEN, PUG DETECTS A WHIZZING WHITE SPHERE SAILING AT PENNY...

LOOK OUT!



THERE GOES THE ONE WHO FIRED THE GOLF-BALL!



IT'S FRANK CHESTER! WELL, I'M RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT, MR. CHESTER!

CLUNK



ARREST THAT MAN HE TRIED TO KILL THAT GIRL! I'LL VOUCH FOR IT!



AND I'LL VOUCH FOR THE FACT THAT HE MURDERED MR. MERRIVALE TO KEEP HIM FROM PAYING THESE I.O.U.'S! IT'LL BE A LOT EASIER FOR YOU, IF YOU'LL CONFESS!

YES YES... I'LL CONFESS!



LATER...

WELL, JANET, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO COLLECT EVERY CENT ON THOSE I.O.U.'S AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT.....A MURDERER WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO YOU, PENNY!

DEATH PAYS A WEEK-END VISIT TO A PROMINENT MILLIONAIRE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS.

BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE, CORP!.. ESPECIALLY AFTER THAT HOT AFRICAN SUN! WATCH THIS SWAN DIVE!

Corporal COLLINS INFANTRYMAN

PRETTY NICE FORM THERE, KID, BUT WATCH OUT FOR YOUR FEET ON THESE ROCKS! THEY'RE COVERED WITH BARNACLES!

CORPORAL COLLINS AND SLAPSIE HAVE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO A SMALL BRITISH-OCCUPIED ISLAND IN THE AEGEAN SEA, MIDWAY BETWEEN THE GREEK MAINLAND AND THE DODECANESE

SLAPSIE! YOU'LL CUT YOUR FEET TO RIBBONS! HEY!.. DO YOU HEAR ME?

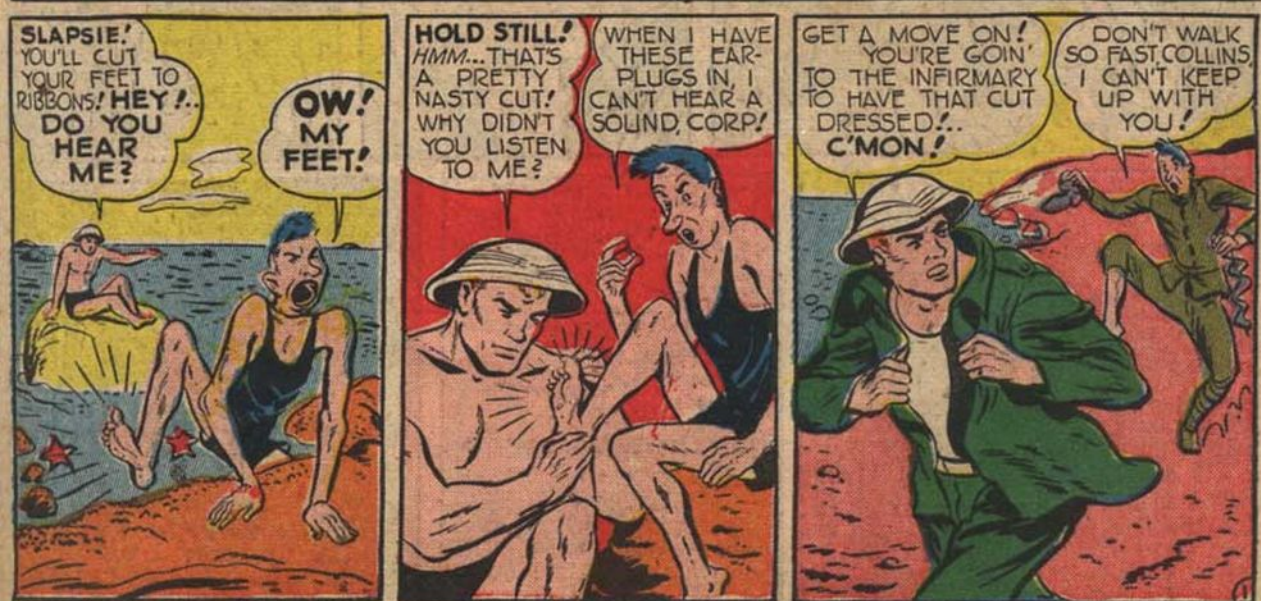
OW! MY FEET!

HOLD STILL! HMM... THAT'S A PRETTY NASTY CUT! WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME?

WHEN I HAVE THESE EAR-PLUGS IN, I CAN'T HEAR A SOUND, CORP!

GET A MOVE ON! YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE INFIRMARY TO HAVE THAT CUT DRESSED!.. C'MON!

DON'T WALK SO FAST, COLLINS, I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU!



MEANWHILE

SOMEHOW, CORP ALWAYS MANAGES TO LOUSE ME UPNUTS!



I SHOULD WORRY! MAYBE THIS MAGAZINE HAS SOME GOOD STORIES!



SON OF A SEACOOK! THE PAGE IS JUMPIN'! I KNEW I'D BEEN USING MY EYES TOO MUCH!



I WISH SLAPSIE'D LEARN TO QUIT BLOWING OFF ABOUT HIMSELF... WHATS THAT?

CORP! HEY, COLLINS, COME QUICK! I'M GOING BLIND!



WOW! CHUTISTS! MUST BE THE ADVANCE GUARD OF A BLITZKRIEG! C'MON BOYS, LET'S GO GET 'EM! BARRACKS A



THEY'VE SEEN US! NOW TO GET THROUGH TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER!



FAN OUT AND SURROUND THESE APES! DON'T LET A SINGLE ONE GET AWAY! CAREFUL, I SEE THEY BROUGHT THEIR POP GUNS!





ALL RIGHT, YOU AS-SORTED HANGOVERS, LINE UP!

SHH! I HAVE A VERY URGENT MESSAGE TO DELIVER TO THE COMMANDER! PRETEND TO TAKE ME ASIDE FOR QUESTIONING!

?



WELL, WHAT IS IT? IF THIS IS A STALL ...!

THIS IS NO GAG, I'M ATTACHED TO THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE! HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!



I'VE BEEN OPERATING IN THE BALKANS FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS! THE NAZIS ARE PLANNING AN ALL OUT AIR INVASION ON THIS ISLAND TONIGHT!



YOU SEE, SIR, THE STRATEGIC POSITION OF THIS ISLAND MAKES IT A PERFECT AIRBASE FOR THE GERMANS IN AN ATTACK ON THE DARDANELLES!

OF COURSE, MAN! WHAT TIME IS THE INVASION PLANNED FOR?



I COULDN'T FIND THAT OUT, BUT HERE IS THE FREQUENCY OF THE SHORT WAVE SENDER THAT WILL LAUNCH THE ATTACK!

THEY MAY START COMING OVER ANY TIME! COLLINS, TAKE CHARGE OF DEFENSE PREPARATIONS!



REPORT TO THE GENERAL IMMEDIATELY! SEEN SLAPSIE?

YEAH! HE WAS HERE LOOKIN' FOR HIS DICE ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES BACK!



REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS RIGHT AWAY! SEEN SLAPSIE?

YEAH, ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO WITH HIS GALLOPING DOMINOES! HE CLEANED US!



EIGHT... NINE...TEN! 'ATSA OKEY-DOKE!

SLAPSIE!



NOW LISTEN AND TRY TO GET THIS STRAIGHT! WE'VE JUST HEARD THAT THE HEINIES ARE ATTEMPTING AN INVASION TONIGHT! THERE MAY OR MAY NOT BE ANY TRUTH TO THE STORY, BUT WE'VE GOT TO BE PREPARED!

INVASION? TONIGHT?..WHAT DO WE DO, CORP?



I'VE LOOKED EVERY PLACE! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON... OH!!



OUR WHOLE DEFENSE WILL DEPEND ON YOU AS WE NEED EVERY OTHER MAN ON THE GUNS! THE SIGNAL FOR THE RAID WILL COME OVER THIS STATION!



NOW KEEP YOUR EAR ON THE SPEAKER AND SIGNAL US WHEN YOU HEAR ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!

WITH ME ON THE JOB, CORP US YOU GOT' NOthin' TO WORRY ABOUT GEE! WHAT A RACKET THE BOYS ARE MAKIN'!



HURRY, MEN! GET THOSE GUNS SET UP! EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON SPEED!



THAT DOES IT! NOthin' TO DO NOW, BUT WAIT!



THIS WILL PROBABLY BE A STIFF SIEGE CORPORAL! IS THE ENTIRE GARRISON CONCENTRATED ON THE NORTH SHORE?

EVERY MAN IN THE PLACE IS BEHIND A GUN! SLAP-SIE'S IN THE RADIO SHACK!



LATER....

WHAT CAN BE HOLDING 'EM UP? IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT! I WONDER...



SUDDENLY!



THEY'RE HERE!! KEEP THOSE GUNS GOING! MAKE YOUR SHOTS COUNT!

RAT TAT TAT



SLAPSIE! THEY MUST HAVE KILLED SLAPSIE, OR ELSE HE WOULD HAVE WARNED US! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SLAPSIE!



SLAPSIE! FLIGHT THREE IS NOW APPROACHING THE SCENE OF THE RAID! FLIGHT FOUR PREPARE TO TAKE OFF...



HEY, ARE YOU DEAF?

FLIGHT TWO HAS RETURNED TO THE BASE.. REPORT BRITISH DEFENSE WEAKENING. FLIGHT FOUR...

OH, YA CORP! NOTHIN' YET! GUESS THEY'RE NOT COMIN'. WHAT'D YOU SAY?



ARE YOU BATTY? CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT RADIO OR THE AIR RAID OUTSIDE?

HERE'S WHY I COULDN'T HEAR YOU, CORP! MY EAR STOPPERS! I MUSTA FORGOT 'EM... HEH, HEH!



EAR STOPPERS! YOU FATHEAD! OF ALL THE HARE-BRAINED STUNTS.. I OUGHTA BREAK YOU IN HALF!

FLIGHT FIVE.. BLA BLA STAND BY TO CLICK!



SOUT! OF DE BORDER MEXICO VAY.

HEY! I THOUGHT THAT SONG WAS BANNED IN GERMANY!



ACH JA, SOUTH OF DE BO...R...DER...



GET A LOAD OF THAT DRUMMER, CORP! THAT'S REAL ICKEY!

THAT'S NOT THE HALF OF IT.. IT ALSO HAPPENS TO BE MORSE CODE!

HIGH COMMAND CALLING! LAND ON SOUTH SHORE AND SURPRISE ENEMY FROM THE REAR! YOU SHOULD ENCOUNTER NO OPPOSITION!



SOUTH! I GET IT! WOW! LOOK AT THOSE LIGHTS! C'MON, SLAPSIE, WE'RE GOING TO CATCH SOME FISH!



GEE CORP, A SWELL BAND AND YOU WANT TO GO FISHING!

NO TIME TO GET HELP... C'MON!



ONCE THEY LAND WE DON'T STAND A CHINA-MAN'S CHANCE! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM LANDING!!



SHELLS ARE STORED IN THE VAULT BENEATH THAT FLAT ROCK, KID! HAUL 'EM OUT FAST! WHEW! THEY'RE REALLY CLOSE!



KEEP RIGHT BEHIND ME, SLAPSIE! IF WE STOP FOR A MINUTE WE'RE LOST! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM LANDING UNTIL THE TIDE GOES OUT!



VOT ISS? VE HAFF BEEN TRICKED! STAND BY!



HERE COMES THEIR FIRST SHELL! WOW! TOO CLOSE! HEY, KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!



THE BOYS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND CAN'T HEAR THROUGH ALL THE RACKET. THAT PHONEY AIR RAID IS KICKING UP, SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO BRING BACK REINFORCEMENTS!

AW, CORP YOU CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF ALONE!



DE GUNS HAFF STOP! DEY MUST BE WIPED OUT! FORWARD! FULL SCHPEED AHEAD!



LOOK AT THOSE RUBBER DOUGHNUTS TRAVEL! MUST BE HUNDREDS OF 'EM!



RUN DE BOATS RIGHT UP ON DE BEACH! DE SURF VILL CARRY US IN!



AS THE RUBBER BOATS RUN UP ON THE ROCKS, THE SHARP SHELLS RIP THEM OPEN!

VE SINK!
ACH! DE UNDERTOW! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!
ACH!
POP POP POP
HIMMEL
GLUB!



NO CARD? SORRY, NO ONE GETS IN WITH-OUT A CARD! GOODBY, NOW!



YOU'RE NOT CLEAN ENOUGH YET! GO BACK AND WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS!

SOCK!



I CAUGHT THIS GUY SIGNALIN' TO THE HEINIES! TO THE HEINIES! FROM THE RADIO SHACK! I THINK HE'S A SPY!

THAT'S IT! HE WAS SENT TO KEEP OUR ATTENTION FOCUSED ON THE NORTH SHORE SO THAT WE'D MISS THE REAL INVASION!



WONDERFUL INVENTION, CORP! THESE RUBBER EAR STOPPERS!

SURE ARE, SLAPSIE! THEY KEPT YOU FROM HEARING THE WRONG RADIO PROGRAM!

WITH THE WOULD-BE INVADERS TAKEN PRISONER, WE LEAVE CORPORAL COLLINS UNTIL NEXT MONTH!

A NEW EXCITING, MYSTERY-PACKED FEATURE

THE HANGMAN

HE APPEARS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT,
PIERCING THE HEARTS OF CRIMINALS
WITH CHILLING, SOUL-TEARING FEAR!



WHO IS THIS GRIM HARBRINGER OF
JUSTICE? HOW DOES HIS LIFE
AFFECT THE RETRIBUTION THAT IS
METED OUT TO THAT OTHER SAVIOUR
OF THE OPPRESSED...THE COMET?



THE HANGMAN APPEARS IN *PEP Comics*
IN ADDITION TO THAT GREATEST OF ALL
COMIC MAGAZINE FEATURES...THE SHIELD,
WITH BOY THE SUPERROY.

STARTING IN THE
JULY ISSUE OF
PEP Comics
2 BIG LEAD STORIES!

SPECIAL OFFERING FOR **BLUE RIBBON** comics FANS



DON'T FAIL
TO GET YOUR
Copy!

ON THE BACK COVER
OF THIS MAGAZINE
NEXT MONTH

A PICTURE OF STEEL STERLING
HIS PALS - CLANCY, LOONEY...
AND DORA

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!

TY-GOR

SON
OF THE
TIGER

TY-GOR IS AT A NEWSREEL
THEATRE WITH JOAN AND HER
FATHER....A PICTURE OF THE
DICTATOR IS FLASHED ON THE
SCREEN.....



BOO!

BOO!

BOO!

HISSS!

BOOO!

BOO!

WHY
EVERYONE
BOO?

YOU SEE, HE'S A VERY BAD
AND WAR-LIKE MAN, TY-GOR!
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE HIM!

IS BAD?
OH?

BOOOO!
BOOOO!



THE NEXT DAY, IN THE DAVIS HOME...

DAD, I'VE TALKED TO THE LOCAL SCOUTMASTER ABOUT TY-GOR, AND HE SAYS FOR ME TO SEND TY-GOR TO THE MEETING TODAY. HE'LL SEE THAT HE JOINS.. THAT'LL KEEP TY-GOR OUT OF TROUBLE!

GOOD IDEA, JOAN!



YOU TAKE THIS NOTE DOWN TO BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS! THEY'LL DO THE REST!



TY-GOR TROTS DOWN THE STREET REMEMBERING WHAT JOAN HAD TOLD HIM ABOUT A SCOUT DOING A GOOD TURN DAILY....



AN OLD LADY IS WAITING AT THE CORNER FOR THE LIGHT TO CHANGE...



OH! GOOD TURN DAILY!

TY-GOR HELP! TY-GOR HELP!



THE "LADY" CLAMPS HER WIG BACK ON, JUST IN TIME!

ME, SCOUT, ME HELP... GOOD TURN DAILY, SEE?

OH, YOU WANT TO BE A BOY SCOUT, EH? WELL, COME ALONG WITH ME!



IN THE ENSUING STRUGGLE, THE "OLD LADY'S" WIG AND MAKE-UP SLIP... REVEALING THAT THE "OLD WOMAN" IS REALLY A MAN!

MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET MEETING PLACE NOT FAR FROM SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, THE "YOUNG BUNDISTS" ARE HOLDING A MEETING!



YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE REICH, OUR LOCAL LEADER, FITZ HEWN WILL ARRIVE IN JUST A MOMENT! BECAUSE HE IS A FUGITIVE FROM THE STUPID POLICE, HE WILL BE IN DISGUISE!



TY-GOR AND FITZ HEWN ENTER THE BUNDIST'S HALL...



NOW, MY BOY, YOU TAKE A SEAT SOMEWHERE WHILE I ADDRESS THE OTHER CHILDREN!



WHO IS THE BOY YOU BROUGHT WITH YOU?

HE IS STUPID...AND CAN BE TALKED INTO DOING THINGS! HE IS THE KIND OF A BOY WE WANT IN OUR GROUP!



FELLOW BUNDISTS AND FUTURE SOLDIERS OF THE FUEHRER! IN A FEW MINUTES, WE WILL DISTRIBUTE UNIFORMS AND THEN WE'LL ALL GO IN BUSES TO OUR CAMP!



TY-GOR RECEIVES HIS UNIFORM AS THE YOUNG BUNDISTS TROOP OUT OF THE MEETING PLACE TO TAKE TO THEIR BUSES.....



SEVERAL HOURS
LATER, THE BUSES AR-
RIVE AT THE CAMP WITH
TY-GOR AND THE BUNDISTS...



ATTEN-SHUN!
RIGHT DRESS!



FORWARD... MARCH!



THE BUNDISTS HALT BEFORE
A PLATFORM...



SALUTE THE
FUEHRER!



SIEG HEIL!
SIEG HEIL!
SIEG HEIL!
SIEG HEIL!
SIEG HEIL!



SIEG BOO!
SIEG BOO!
SIEG BOO!

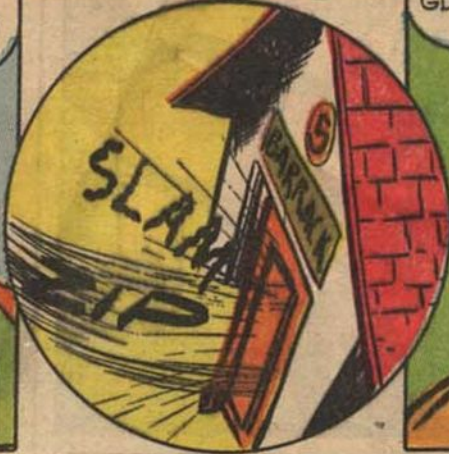






**QUICK!
AFTER HIM!
HE'S POUND-
ING OUR
LEADER TO
A NUB!**

**FITZ HEWN DASHES INTO THE
BARRACKS AND TY-GOR SLAMS
THE DOOR BEHIND THEM.....**



**HEY! THIS DOOR'S
LOCKED!
I CAN'T
GET IN!**

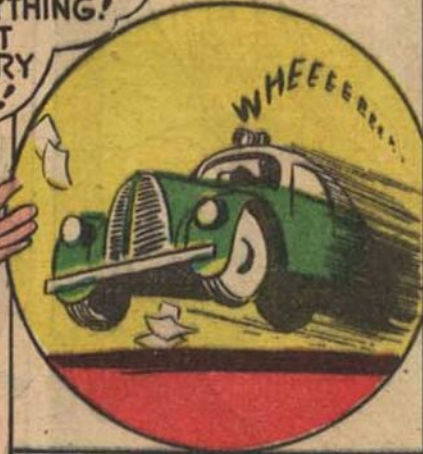
**A MOMENT LATER, AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS A FEW MILES
DOWN THE HIGHWAY...**



**WHAT? FITZ HEWN?
YES!
GO
ON!**



**COME AND SAVE
ME! ARREST ME!
DO ANYTHING!
BUT
HURRY
UP!**



THE SQUAD RACES TOWARD THE CAMP.



**UP WITH
'EM!**



**THERE'S
HEWN! HE'S
OUT
COLD!**

**TY-GOR!
TY-GOR!
RAH, RAH,
RAH!**



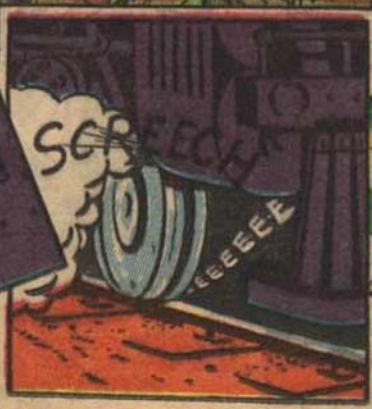
**TY-GOR, YOU'RE A REGULAR GUY!
WE WERE ALL WET THINKING THE
BUND WAS A GOOD THING TO
JOIN! THE LEADERS ARE A BUNCH
OF SISSIES! LET'S YOU AND US
GO AND JOIN UP WITH A REAL
BUNCH OF FELLOWS...THE BOY
SCOUTS OF
AMERICA!**

**TY-GOR JOINS THE BOY
SCOUTS IN NEXT MONTH'S 15-
SUE OF BLUE RIB-
BON COMICS!
DON'T MISS IT!**

MIDNIGHT... AND A FREIGHT TRAIN TRAVELING FROM THE SOUTHWEST RUMBLES ON TO A TRESTLE - ITS HEADLIGHT SUDDENLY OUTLINING A SERIES OF LOGS PROTRUDING BETWEEN THE RAILS!

Inferno

THE FLAME BREATHER





THE TRACK FASTENS ITSELF TO THE RIGHT-OF-WAY, AND THE TRAIN STARTS MOVING AGAIN...



THE NEXT MORNING - AT A LIVE-STOCK SIDING SEVERAL MILES FROM THE TRESTLE, INFERNO IS EARNING AN HONEST LIVING AS AN ORDINARY RAILROAD LABORER!



THE ENGINEER OF THE ILL-FATED TRAIN, STAGGERS ALONG THE TRACKS TOWARD INFERNO!



WE WERE..TRICKED! TRAIN STOLEN.. MY CREW DEAD... I MANAGED TO GET HERE... BUT I...!... OW-W-W-



SUDDENLY, A GUN-BATTLE BREAKS OUT IN THE STOCK PENS



PURSUED BY OTHER ARMED MEN, A LONE FIGURE RUNS BETWEEN THE ROINS OF PENS AND THEN - A BULLET STRIKES HIM AND DROPS HIM TO THE GROUND!



THE NEXT MOMENT - THE RACING FIGURE OF THE FLAME BREATHER, FIERY CHAMPION OF RIGHT OVER NIGHT!



THIS MAN IS A G-MAN! HIS BADGE IS INSIDE HIS COAT! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO SAFETY!





OUR SECRET AGENTS IN EUROPE SENT US MESSAGES WHICH WERE PUT IN CAPSULES AND FED TO STEERS! IT'S THE SAFEST WAY TO GET INFORMATION INTO THIS COUNTRY ABOUT OUR ENEMIES!



BUT FOREIGN SPIES STOLE THE WHOLE TRAIN TO THROW US OFF THE TRAIL! THE REST OF WHAT WE KNOW IS IN A MESSAGE IN MY POCKET! GET IT, TO THE F.B.I. I'M DONE FOR!



THOSE GUNMEN ARE LYING LOW OUT THERE UNTIL I SHOW MY FACE! I'D BETTER READ THIS MESSAGE AND DESTROY IT, IN CASE I FALL INTO THEIR HANDS!



THIS SAYS THAT THE STOLEN TRAIN ONLY HAD 'DECOY' STEERS ON IT! THE STEERS WITH THE REAL MESSAGES ARE ON A TRAIN DUE HERE IN AN HOUR! I WON'T HAVE TIME TO CONTACT THE F.B.I. I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THAT TRAIN MYSELF! HERE I GO!

AS INFERNO MAKES A DASH TOWARDS THE RAILROAD, HE IS ATTACKED BY THE GUNMEN.



I ONLY WISH I HAD TIME TO STAY AROUND AND REALLY POLISH YOU GUYS OFF!



FIGHTING AGAINST TIME THE FLAME-BREATHER RACES OVER A MOUNTAINOUS PASS, AFFORDING A SHORT-CUT TO THE APPROACHING FREIGHT TRAIN!



A HALF HOUR LATER...



WHEN! I ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT! I FEEL LIKE A COMMUTOR TRYING TO CATCH THE 5:15!

AT THE TUNNEL EXIT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!



HERE SHE COMES! GET READY!

THE FOREIGN AGENTS LEAP ONTO THE SPEEDING TRAIN!



TWO OF THEM TAKE THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN BY SURPRISE, WHILE THEIR COMRADES KEEP WATCH ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR!



SO! THE BOYS WERE WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL!



CLEAR THE WAY FOR THE FAST EXPRESS YOU SLOW-POKE PUNKS!



CAN I COME IN AND PLAY ENGINEER WITH YOU?



THE FLAME BREATHER WADES INTO ONE OF THE HI-JACKERS...



THE SPIES' LEADER RAISES THE SHOVEL ABOVE INFERNO'S HEAD...

BUT INFERNO WHIRLS AROUND JUST IN TIME TO AVOID THE BLOW!



LATER AT THE STOCK PENS, F.B.I. MEN WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE TRAIN!



BE READY FOR TROUBLE, MEL! HERE IT COMES!



G-MEN! GOOD! I'LL TURN THE TRAIN OVER TO THEM!



BUT I'M NOT STAYING AROUND FOR THE 'TRANSFER' CEREMONIES.



I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS HAPPENED BUT THESE ARE THE SPIES WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



GOSH! ARE YOU FELLOWS REAL G-MEN? YOU MUST HAVE AN EXCITING LIFE! WISH I COULD BE ONE!

YOU STICK TO YOUR JOB, BUDDY! IT'S MUCH SAFER THAN OUR KIND OF LIVING!

THE END

FREE!

ALL MEMBERS OF THE SHIELD G-MAN CLUB WILL RECEIVE A MEMBERSHIP CARD, PERSONALLY SIGNED BY JOE HIGGINS (THE SHIELD) AND A FULLY-COLORED MEMBERSHIP BADGE!



This is to certify that
JOHN FRAZER
is a member in good standing of the
SHIELD G-MAN CLUB
and is entitled to all privileges pursuant
thereof.
JOE HIGGINS (The Shield)

ALL YOU NEED TO DO, TO JOIN THE SHIELD IN HIS BATTLE AGAINST CRIME, IS PURCHASE A COPY OF PEP COMICS, AND FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE SHIELD G-MAN CLUB PAGE!

MEMBERSHIP IS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

LOOP LOGAN

Air Ace

LOOP AND HIS SERVANT BOY, CLATRA WERE SENT TO AN OASIS IN THE HEART OF THE LIBYAN DESERT, WHERE THE CHIEFS OF THE ARAB TRIBES WERE GATHERED IN IMPORTANT ASSEMBLY. BY VANQUISHING AN ITALIAN OFFICER IN A HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE, LOOP LOGAN CONVINCED THE ARABS THEY SHOULD JOIN WITH THE BRITISH INSTEAD OF THE ITALIANS....BUT THE ITALIAN OFFICER LEAVES THE OASIS AND HURRIES OVER A SAND DUNE, WHERE AN ENTIRE ITALIAN ARMORED DIVISION LIES IN WAIT...



WE WILL ATTACK DA OASIS ATTA ONCE! WE WIPE OUTTA THESE-A ARAB CHIEFS! IT'SA GONNA BE ONE-A BEEG-A LOSS TO DA ENEMY!

MIO CAPITANO! LOOK-A ON-A DUNE! HE'S-A ARAB SPY ON-A HORSEBACK!

GETTA DA GUN AND-A SHOOT HEEM! HE-A MUST NOT GET BACK TO DA OASIS!

AS THE ARAB SCOUT WHEELS HIS HORSE ABOUT, AN ITALIAN BULLET FINDS ITS MARK!





THE ARABS GATHER UP ALL THE WINE BOTTLES AND KEROSENE LAMPS IN THE CAMP!



THAT'S THE BOY CLATRA! FILL THOSE BOTTLES ABOUT HALF FULL OF KEROSENE! BUT DON'T LOSE THE CORKS! WE'LL NEED 'EM!



NOW, WE'LL RIP THESE CLOTHS INTO NARROW STRIPS...



ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DROP ONE END OF THE CLOTH INTO THE BOTTLE OF KEROSENE, THEN PUT THE CORKS IN TO KEEP THE CLOTH IN PLACE!



THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS KNOWN AS THE "MOLOTOV COCKTAIL"! WAIT UNTIL THE TANKS ARE WITHIN FIRING RANGE, THEN LIGHT THE CLOTH, AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!



OUR MAN AT THE TOP OF THE PALM TREE REPORTS THE TANKS ARE APPROACHING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE VANGUARD OF THE FASCIST DIVISION RUMBLES TOWARDS THE OASIS!



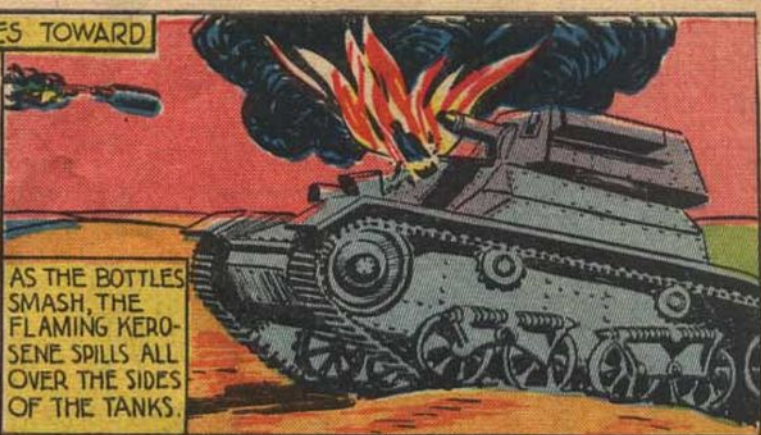
OKAY! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



THE ARABS HURL THE FLAMING BOTTLES TOWARD THE ONCOMING TANKS!



AS THE BOTTLES SMASH, THE FLAMING KEROSENE SPILLS ALL OVER THE SIDES OF THE TANKS.



THE CREWS OF THE LEADING TANKS ARE ROASTED ALIVE IN THEIR MACHINES...



WELL, WE BROKE UP THE FIRST WAVE OF ATTACK, BUT AS SOON AS THEY REORGANIZE THEY'LL ATTACK AGAIN...AND OUR COCKTAIL SUPPLY IS RUNNING LOW!..SO, IF I CAN BORROW A HORSE....



I'LL TRY TO GET TO MY PLANE! WE WERE FORCED DOWN NOT FAR AWAY! HAND ME A CAN OF PETROL AND THEN COVER ME WHEN I BREAK OUT OF HERE!



I GET PETROL, MASTER!

OKAY, BUDDIES! HERE I GO! HOLD 'EM OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN! IF I'M NOT BACK SOON, I'LL BE LYING OUT ON THE DESERT, SOMEWHERE!



AMID A HAIL OF MACHINE GUN SLUGS FROM THE NEXT WAVE OF TANKS, LOOP GALLOPS OUT OF THE OASIS AND HEADS ACROSS THE SANDS...



SOMETIME LATER,
LOOP LOCATES HIS
PLANE FIVE
MILES TO THE NORTH.



I HOPE I HAVE
ENOUGH PETROL TO GET
THIS BUGGY INTO THE AIR!
IF I DON'T, CLATRA AND THE
ARABS ARE
DONE FOR!



THE PLANE TAKES OFF AS LOOP
HAULS HIS LANDING GEAR INTO
THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF THE
SHIP!



MEANWHILE, THE
ARABS AWAIT THE
NEXT ATTACK!



HERE THEY COME! MAKE
EVERY BOTTLE COUNT! WE
HAVE ONLY A FEW LEFT! IN
FACT, THERE IS ONLY ONE
TO EACH
MAN!



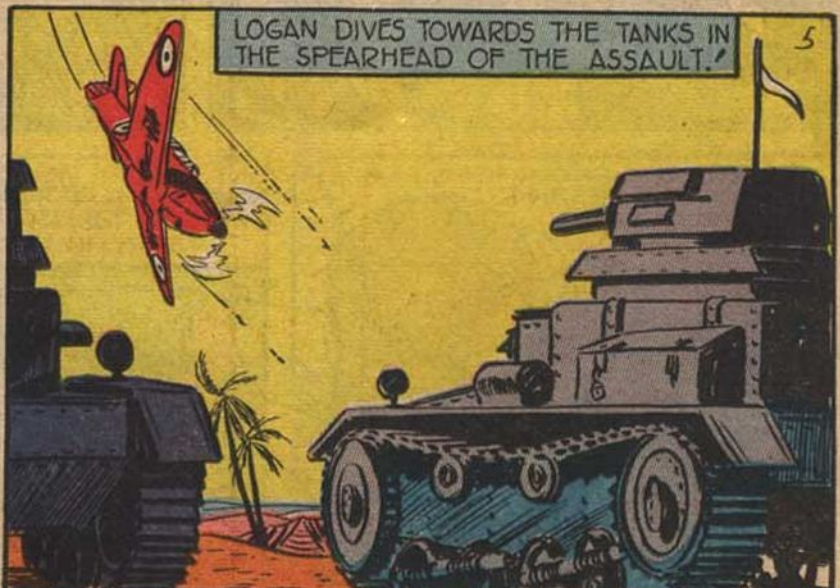
THE FASCIST DIVI-
SION AGAIN RUM-
BLES TOWARDS
THE OASIS....



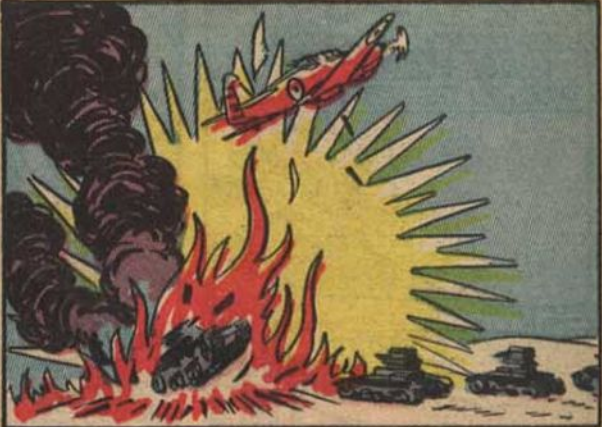
LOOK! IS
MASTER,
COMING IN
PLANE!



LOGAN DIVES TOWARDS THE TANKS IN
THE SPEARHEAD OF THE ASSAULT!



LOOP RELEASES HIS RACKLOAD OF BOMBS!



RETREAT!
IT'S-A-NO GOOD!
IN-A FACT,
IT'S-A LOUSY!
RETREAT!

LOGAN PURSUES THE ROUTED TANKS, TAKING POT-SHOTS WITH HIS FORWARD GUNS!



ALLAH BE PRAISED!

LOGAN SAVED OUR LIVES!

HURRAY FOR LOGAN!



HI-YA, CHUMS! HAD A CLOSE CALL THAT TIME, DIDN'T WE?...BUT THOSE COCKTAILS SURE TURNED THE TRICK!



NOW, LOGAN, ALL OF OUR TRIBAL LEADERS WILL RETURN TO THEIR CAMPS AND ORGANIZE THEIR MEN TO FIGHT WITH THE BRITISH! WE WILL PUSH THE ITALIANS CLEAR INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN!

AND THUS WITH THE AID OF THE ARAB CHIEFS, WAVELL'S ARMY OF THE NILE COMPLETELY WIPES OUT THE LAST TRACES OF ITALIAN MASTERY IN LIBYA!



LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA FLY INTO THE GERMAN-INFESTED BALKANS NEXT MONTH, TO SUPPORT THE GREEK DEFENSE AGAINST THE AXIS PUSH THRU BULGARIA! DON'T MISS THIS THRILLING ADVENTURE!

IT'S

A MATTER OF ARITHMETIC



Simple **plus**

TOSS IN

NOW ADD A DASH OF

STIR WELL WITH

AND

THE FIREFLY

BOB PHANTOM

FRAN FRAZER

THE WEST POINTER



Now Remember

NOT TO SUBTRACT



WINGS JOHNSON



THE ST. LOUIS KID



KARDAK

AND IT ALL ADDS UP TO

Featuring THE **BLACK HOOD**
TOP NOTCH
NO. 15 JUNE
comics

10c

THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE BUY, ON YOURS, OR ANY NEWSSTAND

the Green Falcon

DEEP IN THE FORESTS-IN THE SO CALLED "PRIVATE DOMAIN" OF THE KING OF ENGLAND-JOHN'S SOLDIERS ARE BUSY AT THE WORK OF THEIR MASTERS' FAVORITE PASTIME-PERSECUTING THE PEASANTRY!



FLEE, MEN! WHENEVER THAT CURSED BIRD APPEARS, THE GREEN BIRD FALCON IS SURE TO FOLLOW!



FROM OUT THE TREES' BRANCHES THREE FIGURES PLUM-MET DOWN



FALCON! DON'T KILL US! HERE IS OUR GOLD!



THEY SING A DIFFERENT TUNE EH, TINY?

LOOK, FALCON, A ROSE BUSH WITH SUCH LOVELY THORNS! 'TIS A SHAME NOT TO USE THEM!



AYE! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

THE CRAVEN SOLDIERS ARE TIED TO ROPE'S HANGING FROM THE BRANCHES-- NOW THEN TINY AND JOLLY... WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!



ONE - TWO -



THREE!

OWOOOO!

HA, HA, LOOK AT THEM RUN! LIKE MICE SCAMPING FOR THEIR HOLES! HRI HRI



OUR COMPLIMENTS TO JOHN VARLETS!

HERE, GOOD FOLK IS THE GOLD I TOOK FROM THEM. IT WILL REPAY THE DAMAGE THEY DEALT!



BLESS YOU, FALCON!

THE FALCON RETURNS TO HIS ABODE IN THE FOREST.



GREETINGS, MARION, SWEET WIFE! LOOK A PEASANT GAVE US THIS FOR SUPPER!

"I CANNOT COOK THE PORKER WITHOUT WATER. SO OFF TO THE STREAM WITH YOU AND FETCH ME SOME!"



THE WATER IS MUDDY HERE. LET US GO ON THE BRIDGE AND DRAW IT FROM THE MIDDLE!



UMM! I CAN ALMOST TASTE THAT PORK MEAT ALREADY FALCON!

JUST THEN A HELMETED FIGURE STARTS ACROSS THE BRIDGE—



LOOK YOU SIR. I'M IN A HURRY! STAND ASIDE AND LET ME PASS!

BIDE YOUR TIME, KNIGHT. WE'LL BE OFF SOON!



STAND ASIDE NOW, I SAY. I DON'T WISH TO WAIT!

HMM! A VERY INSISTENT FELLOW, EH?

SO! 'TIS A QUARREL YOU SEEK. I'LL GIVE YOU ONE! DEFEND YOURSELF, OAF!



WITH PLEASURE!



I'LL KNOP YOUR SCOP YOU KNAVE!



TALK IS CHEAP FELLOW!

BOP





NOW OVER THE RAIL WITH YOU!

NEVER!

STOP! DON'T KILL THE GREEN FALCON PLEASE!



BLESS ME! THE GREEN FALCON, DID YOU SAY? HA, HA, HA!

THAT LAUGH! I RECOGNIZE IT! OH! BUT IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



IT IS TRUE, SWEET MARION! IT IS YOUR GODFATHER, I, RICHARD, ESCAPED AT LAST, FROM THE SARACENS. I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR LOYALTY FOR ME, FALCON!



KING RICHARD! THANK GOD FOR YOUR RETURN!

OH, SIRE! HOW GLAD I AM TO HAVE YOU BACK! (SOB, SOB)



I AM AN OUTLAW IN THE EYES OF YOUR BROTHER, JOHN, I OWE MY LIFE TO THE FACT THAT MARION IS MY WIFE!

SHE COULD NOT HAVE CHOSEN A HUSBAND MORE TO MY LIKING!



NOW THAT YOU ARE BACK, ENGLAND WILL ONCE AGAIN BE HAPPY!

PERHAPS! BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO BE HAPPY, TOO... WITH A GOOD MEAL!

PERHAPS THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, SIRE!



IF I AM AS GOOD A KING AS MARION IS A COOK, ENGLAND HAS MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

RICHARD! YOU'RE A FLATTERER!



AND NOW, SIRE! WE RETURN TO LONDON, EH?

AYE! TO LONDON, TO DEAL WITH MY SCOUNDREL OF A BROTHER, JOHN!

BUT JOHN WILL NOT GIVE UP HIS THRONE WITHOUT A FIGHT— SO BE ON HAND WHEN THE FIREWORKS BEGIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon

Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

GRAHAM DRUG CO
 THE REXALL STORE
 PHONE 99
 GRAHAM, N. D.



WOW! DID I HIT THE JACKPOT!

LOOK AT WHAT I GET FOR JUST ONE DIME!

THE BLACK HOOD IN THE CASE OF

STEEL STERLING

AND THE CASE OF "THE GREEN EGGS OF DEATH"! MANY WERE THE BODIES THEY FOUND, DEAD! AND BESIDE EACH WAS A CRUSHED CHINESE GREEN EGG... AND NOW DORA CLIMMINGS HAD ONE OF THOSE SYMBOLS OF DOOM, WHILE A SLANT-EYED KILLER STALKED HER THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHINATOWN!!!



"THE CORPSE WAS WRAPPED IN SEAWEED"! WAS THIS THE DREAD LORELEI, RETURNED, TO LURE SHIPS TO HORRIBLE DOOM ON THE ROCKS. OR WAS IT SOME HUMAN AGENCY, EVEN MORE HORRIBLE, THAT HAD WOVEN BARBARA SUTTON AND THE BLACK HOOD INTO A MESH FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE BUT DEATH!!!



MR. JUSTICE AND THE "MASS PRODUCTION ZOMBIES"!

WHY DID THE WORKERS OF ALL THE UNITED STATES ARMA-MENTS FACTORIES DROP DEAD AT THEIR JOBS, AND WHAT HAD CAUSED THEIR BODIES TO DISAPPEAR FROM THEIR GRAVES???



SERGEANT BOYLE

FIGHTING THE NAZIS WAS AN EVERYDAY JOB TO THAT DEVIL-MAY-CARE ACE OF THE BRITISH ARMY, SERGEANT BOYLE - BUT THE WAR TOOK ON A MUCH MORE SERIOUS COMPLEXION WHEN HIS OWN KID BROTHER LANDED IN THE HANDS OF HITLER'S HIRELINGS!!!



DON'T MISS THIS SMASHING NEW MAGAZINE,
JACKPOT COMICS

ON SALE ON ALL NEWSSTANDS!!!